THE Carmel Cottager

Dedicated to the interests of the Carmel home-owner and the welfare of business men and women of the village.

Vol. I. No. 5. CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1934 5 cents

Light Vote In Council Election

ROWNTREE, BURGE AND THOBURN LEAD

Casting a total vote of 600, Carmel ciitzens elected three to fill vacancies on the City Council last Monday. James H. Thoburn was high man, with 441 votes, followed by Bernard Rowntree, who polled 324. Joseph A. Burge occupied third place when the smoke of battle cleared, nosing out F. P. Howard for the other seat at the council table by the narrow margin of three votes. Since nine absentee ballots remain to be counted it will not be known until the first meeting of the new council next Monday (the legal time for tallying absentee votes) whether it is to be Councilman Burge or Councilman Howard. The absentees can easily swing the election to one or the other. John Neikirk ran far behind Burge and Howard and cannot be affected by the nine votes.

Mr. Thoburn's commanding lead makes it probable that he will be chosen Mayor of Carmel when the board meets for the first time next Monday. It has long been the custom for the incoming councilman receiving the largest vote to be elected mayor by his colleagues. If so chosen he will at once take over the gavel from Mayor John Catlin, who, with Robert Norton, retains his place on the board as holdover councilman.

The City Hall bond issue was decisively defeated, the noes outnumbering the yeses by 33. A two-thirds majority was required to carry the election. Many voters failed to mark their ballots on this proposal. Some were doubtless confused by a misprint on the blank, which gave the amount to be expended by the city as $30,000 instead of $50,000, as intended. But the decisive "no" vote was caused by lack of understanding on the part of voters. The majority thought that such a bond issue would cause an immediate raise in the tax rate whereas, as pointed out in THE COTTAGER last week, the city hall could have been built without adding one cent to the budget of the city.

Tabulation of the complete vote follows:

FOR COUNCILMAN:

	Sunset School	Fire House	Total Total
Thoburn	176	265	441
Rowntree	135	189	324
Burge	126	192	318
Howard	129	186	315
Neikirk	89	126	215
Parks	....	1	1
Adams	....	1	1

BOND ISSUE:

	Sunset School	Fire House	Total Total
Yes	74	162	236
No	133	136	269

Absentee voters, in the order of filing their ballots, are:

Mr. & Mrs. Grant Wills
Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Wheldon
Mrs. Henry Larouette
James Cooke
Mrs. Charles Clark
Mrs. Jacob Kreps
Mrs. Cort Arne.

ITEMS NO OTHER PAPERS DARE PRINT

NO. 5

Are you aware of the fact that Swift has no less than seven classes of lamb? And do you know that your local retail butcher can buy lamb from ten to approximately twenty cents per pound, depending on quality? Three Carmel butchers handle a fine grade of meat—the best money can buy. The less said about the others, the better. Do not be misled by bargain prices quoted locally and "over the hill." Much of this cheap meat consists of rough cuts embodying an undue quantity of fat and bone—meat under-hung in many cases, and dear in the long run. Percy's and Vining's Markets handle nothing but the best. Quality Market has a similar reputation. Stop being fooled on meats and poultry. Cheap meat is dear at any price.

WHAT PRICE WATER?

MONTEREY COUNTY WATER WORKS

Minimum monthly charge, $1.10.

300 cu. ft., $1.10.

Next 700 cu. ft. per 100 cu. ft., $0.30.

Over 1000 cu. ft., per 100 cu. ft., $0.25.

WATSONVILLE CITY SYSTEM

Minimum monthly charge, $1.00.

800 cu. ft., $1.00.

Next 3200 cu. ft., per 100 cu. ft., $0.13.

Over 4000 cu. ft. per 100 cu. ft., $0.09.

Council Meeting

BUSINESS LICENSE ORDINANCE PASSED

At the last regular meeting of the present city council held last night the much discussed business licensing ordinance was passed. Four members of the council voted for passage, Councilman Norton not voting.

After approving the ordinance in its entirety an amendment was suggested. This amendment would change the clause requiring a deposit of $100 from all firms and individuals that have not been in business for one year. It provides that businesses already established be exempted from making the deposit. Their license fees will be computed on the basis of receipts from the time of their establishment. Any business started after passage of the ordinance (that is, after April 1, 1934) will be required to deposit the sum of $100.

This clause applies only to those businesses placed upon the sliding license scale by the ordinance and does not affect those which pay a fixed rate per year.

The council approved the amendment suggestion and instructed the City Attorney to prepare the amendment for submission at an adjourned meeting to be held next Monday night at 7:15. At that time the amendment will be voted on, then the council will adjourn and immediately reconvene for the purpose of canvassing absentee ballots cast in the election of April 9th. This concluded the newly-elected members will be installed.

Before adjourning until next Monday, Mayor Catlin brought up the matter of errors in the ballots used at the recent elections. He said that he would never vote to approve the bill of the San Francisco printing house should it be shown that the errors were the fault of that concern. He also stated that he is strongly in favor of having all city printing done in Carmel; that Carmel has presses capable of turning out good work and that it is unfair to them to take this work to San Francisco.

THE
Carmel Cottager

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Published Weekly by Stephen A. Reynolds and John Overstreet
Address All Communications to Box 824

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Months, 65c; Single Copy 5c

At the Age of Five Weeks

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

Motivated by the thought that there was a place in Carmel for a weekly newspaper *devoted to the interests of Carmel alone*, the publishers of THE CARMEL COTTAGER said in their announcement of publication:

". . . It (THE COTTAGER) will be appreciated by business men and women loyal enough to cooperate in an earnest effort to keep Carmel money at home. High pressure advertising policies have been responsible for enticing Carmel money over the hill. . . . *No conflicting 'foreign' advertising accepted. Help us and we will help you.*"

Five weeks ago THE COTTAGER was born. During its life it has adhered strictly to the policy set forth in the initiatory announcement. No advertising from any out-of-town business house that might conflict with the interests of Carmel merchants has been accepted. Offers of advertising from firms in Monterey and Pacific Grove have been refused. Editorially we have fought the invasion of foreign bread-peddlers, foreign laundries and dairies and department store solicitors. We have lived up to our promise to HELP YOU.

Now, looking back over the five weeks, we wonder if the fight has been worth while? If our efforts are appreciated? On the basis of support received from Carmel business houses we are forced to conclude that the answer to both questions is "no." We are forced to conclude that you are unable, or unwilling, TO HELP US. Local support has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Yet we believe THE COTTAGER is read and appreciated in Carmel. Many residents have sent in unsolicited subscriptions. Others have written comemndatory letters to the editors. Numbers have called to tell us how much they enjoy the paper—and to buy copy to mail to relatives.

The problem confronting the publishers in their desire to give these friends the kind of newspaper they want is that of advertising support—the life blood of any publication. If THE COTTAGER is to live it must have this support. If such support cannot be drawn from this community it must be sought elsewhere.

But we are not yet ready to drop the torch, nor to hide it under the bushel of expediency. THE COTTAGER will continue to support and work for local institutions; to war upon the invader; to take sides upon every issue and to fight for what we think is right, no matter whose shins we may bark. We intend to give you an interesting unfettered, fearless newspaper. Some of you may not like it—but you will read it.

—THE PUBLISHERS.

The Carmel-San Simeon Highway

The California State Highway Commission reports that the two gangs working on the new highway are now less than five miles apart; that the road will be opened by the summer of 1935, possibly by next January and that it will be a "high-speed highway, ten miles shorter than the Coast Route connecting San Francisco and Los Angeles."

We of Carmel had hoped that it would be a scenic road, surpassing in grandeur anything to be found on the continent, rather than a high-speed, commercial highway. It traverses a wild, unexplored country for the most part; sparsely settled—the last of the California wilderness. Stretches have been cut through solid rock; other sections wind about the cliffs overlooking the Pacific.

When it is completed the wild country will have been conquered. The realtor and the subdivider will move in; towns will spring up along its torturou s length; commercial enterprises will sprinkle it with shacks and buildings not in keeping with its scenic beauty. Unless there is careful control, billboards bearing gaudy advertisements of cigarettes and shaving creams will shut the magnificent vistas from travelers' eyes.

May we hope that trucks of chain stores, heavily laden with groceries and vegetables, will be diverted to coast and valley routes and that the Monterey Peninsula be allowed to retain some of its detachment?

We are informed that the Monterey County planning commission has prepared a zoning plan for regulation of building along the highway from Carmel Highlands to the county line. The board of supervisors will meet on the 16th to consider the plan. We are also informed that there are certain legal obstacles to the proposed zoning but we trust that a way will be found to surmount them.

The heavy tourist traffic expected is not to be looked upon as an unalloyed blessing. The advent of droves of trailer-towing tourists is of doubtful benefit to any community. A few postcards, some souvenirs, perhaps a bite to eat, comprise the purchases of most transients. Few spend the night; those who do camp on the outskirts of town or patronize auto camps. The few dollars they spend is offset by the traffic problem they create and the litter they leave behind. Of course there is the valuable variety of tourist, who comes to spend a few days—but this kind comes anyway, attracted by climatic and scenic advantages, highway or no highway.

While Carmel is not on the highway proper, the extra mile will not deter the bird of passage. He will drive through the village and perhaps decide that it is a fine place to camp for the night.

It behooves our City Council to look forward to completion of the new highway and to take such steps as may be necessary for regulation of the traffic. —J. O.

How About It, City Fathers?

Ballots in last Monday's election carried the trifling error of $20,000 in the amount voted on for a new city hall. Voters were given a chance to approve a city hall to cost $30,000, instead of $50,000. Another error: Mr. Thoburn's name was misspelled. We understand that the ballots were printed in San Francisco. Have we no print shops in Carmel? How about giving one of them a trial? Certainly they could do as good work as the San Francisco printery did on this batch.

One should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend.

—Anonymous.

STAGE OF FOREST THEATRE

Talk of The Town

By MYRTA MARLOW

A letter: Dear Myrt (Where's Marge?): Referring to your snappy little number—I mean column; why should not "one" say "To hell with the depression," when not only one but several well chosen aspirants to the nudist colony go "co-ed" on *us* and *on* the white sands of our own dear Pacific turn down reliable old Sol to become moon worshippers? I ask you. Personally I prefer the kilt short but neat! —SPECTATOR.

—

Dear Spectator: You must be burnt up about something or you would know that the beach and not the Pacific has the sands. I would like to be kilt short and neat too. I just hate the thoughts of a lingering death.

MYRTA (*Not* Myrt.)

* * *

Complaint: My Dear Miss Marlow: I live on Dolores street between Fifth and Sixth Our Fire Chief, Bob Leidig, keeps his car in a garage just around the corner from my house. Nearly every night at about 12:00 o'clock he comes and puts his car away and is very noisy about it. But this is not the worst. As soon as he starts walking down the street for home he begins to whistles shrilly and wakes my whole family The darker it is the louder he whistles. I can't very well say anything to him as he might feel hurt. What can I do?

SLEEPLESS.

Dear Sleepless: I have a young brother who always whistles when he is frightened. About the only cure I can think of is street lights and an armed escort.

MYRTA.

* * *

I wonder what some of these local boobs that call themselves majors and colonels and strut a "fawncy" accent really are? (Not true Carmelites, I hope).

* * *

I think it was at the Brook Club, in New York, shortly after I left Vassar, that I first tasted caviar. We never had it at home—my people had a leaning toward anchovies for an appetizer. The big gray eggs of the sturgeon, brought all the way from Russia on ice, without salt, tasted good to me. My host told me that this particular caviar came to about twelve dollars a pound.

The real stuff comes from Russia, fresh, and with little or no salt. Some of the small roe—in fact the greatest part of it—goes to Hamburg, Germany, where it's salted heavily and put up in small tins for American consumption.

* * *

A hurried snack: Pure, snowy, Carmel beach sand rolled in crisp lettuce (sink your teeth into that). . . . Speaking of food reminds me of the time I was eating beans from the can and found a set of mouldy false teeth in the bottom. . . . Suggestions and criticisms for th's column will be appreciated—maybe.

* * *

We just found out that Brother Bunch isn't our brother at all.

Carmel Happenings

By Beverly Tait

Things have slowed down a bit after the excitement of Easter week. Only a few are faithful to the beach now. You see certain dark, Hindu-looking people on the street, trying to fool you with a sun-tan disguise; Charlotte Lawrence and Pat More can usually be found on the sand dunes trying to obtain the same disguise.

Saturday and Sunday many took advantage of the fine weather to appear on the beach and brave the cold water.

The Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte did not have as large attendance Friday night as the week before. Among those Carmelites seen were Sue Brownell, Peggy Bronson, Pat Turner, Joan Tait, Bob Cone, Bert Comstock, Bud Todd, Bud Roberts, Dale Leidig—and the ubiquitous stags —Laddie Hyde, John Nye and Dick Sears.

Again Bud Todd was seen as the escort of Peggy Bronson, Piedmont, Saturday night.

Dale Leidig and Dewey Clough have gone native, the culture and civilization of Carmel having proved too much for them. They have moved up into the mountains for a few weeks.

Fitz and the boys (of the Del Monte Bali Room) have gone to San Francisco to fit their new summer outfits. They'll soon be budding forth in white tuxedo coats.

Tommy Ballinger, the popular young blond singer, recently at Del Monte, has been studying with Vosha Anakief, but wil lsoon be leaving us for San Francisco, enroute to Chicago.

Many of the younger set enjoyed the free beer served at performances of "The Drunkard" at Hotel Del Monte Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Nancy Cocke is looking forward to spending a week-end at Palo Alto. Can Johnny Campbell have anything to do with it?

Barnet Segal

Broker Realtor

Phone 63

- The - Old Chop House

Still Going Strong

San Carlos and Sixth

RIDING and CAMPING PARTIES ARRANGED

San Carlos Riding Academy

PORTOLA SARDINES

"Steam-Grilled"

QAULITY

Fancy selected fish (Pilchards) in heavy tomato sauce and pure olive oil.

The American Medical Association allows use of its Seal of Acceptance on the Portola label, attesting the purity and high food value of the product.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN

ONE OF THE MANY FISH PRODUCTS OF

HOVDEN FOOD PRODUCTS CORP.

ALSO--

MONTE-REY MAID

CRESTA BLANCA

BEST EVER

--SARDINES

AND

TUNA

HOVDEN FOOD PRODUCTS CORP.

MONTEREY, CALIF.

Serra Festival

George Marion, author and director of the Serra Pageant, has returned from Hollywood, where he went in the interests of the production.

The General Committee plans to meet soon to consider the many suggestions received. Not the least important matter to be discussed at this meeting is that of a name for the celebration—one that will include not only the pageant but the entire program of activities to be given from August 24th to 28th. The best name so far submitted is "Serra Festival." It is brief, readily understandable and comprehensive. But the committee is still open to suggestions.

Mr. Frederick Williams, director of of publicity for the celebration, is expected in Carmel soon. He will confer with local committee on national publicity matters.

Is This a Bouquet Or a Brickbat?

Editor, The Carmel Cottager:

In a community of neuter, if not neuter individualists, the newspaper business here is rapidly approaching Nirvana. In other words, what Carmel needs is a newspaper to end all newspapers.

Since the days of Bassett's *Cymbal*, Pauline Schindler and Joe Coughlin's (and partly mine own) *Carmelite*—started by Steve Reynolds—the glorious but now defunct *Village Daily* (also mine own), Brother Bunch's *Setting Sun*, that unique eunuch of euphemism, *The Pine Cone*, Ross Cowen's (and again slightly mine own) up to the present *Cottager*, Carmel has built up a reputation for killing genius without benefit of a Caesarean.

This is not written in a spirit of slightly fermented fruit of the vine, nor indited with the idea that this town should become a Home for Indignant Journalists, but inscribed with the hope that the business men of this community will realize, ere it is too late, that a little masculinity is necessary if the Power of the Press is to continue locally.

It matters little to me whether your *Cottager* succeeds or succumbs. In all probability I will some day be running a sheet in opposition to you.

I've endeavored to poke fun at the puerilities of Perry Newberry's *Pine Cone*, and not without the greatest respect for that grand old man of local journalism. Perry is, without doubt, personally a personality.

You will probably be having to go "over the hill" for advertising shortly in order to keep from going "over the hill" financially. I'm hoping that you can get the support you need to protect this fair village from the asininities of asafoetida emanating from the "Pine Nert," or the bouncing, bumptious bucolicism of Brother Bunch. I hope it will not be necessary for you to slip back to the level of local journalism of this day but that you will achieve some of the red bloodedness that was shown here in the palmy days of Bassett and Steve Reynolds. Let's have a laugh and a hearty chuckle along with our news, or a feeling of animosity if our pet peanut politician is roasted.

PETER O'CROTTY.

Hospital Campaign Meeting To Be Held

Joseph Schoeninger, chairman for the forthcoming Peninsula Peninsula Community Hospital Campaign, has issued invitations to the members of the Campaign organization to a dinner meeting to be held at the Clinic on Monday evening. This will launch the financial fund effort. At this meeting the members will be given an opportunity to select their prospects. There will also be an inspection of the Hospital and a demonstration made of how the building can be transformed into an institution to serve the needs of the Peninsula Communities.

"I feel that this is a wonderful opportunity to secure proper and reasonable hospitalization for our people," said Mr. Schoeninger, yesterday. "We have been receiving a great deal of encouragement in this effort and now there will be opened a way to transform our ideals into dollars in order to aid this great humanitarian cause."

JUST KIDDING

The Semi-Serious Musings of "S. A. R."

TO CONTINUE with this carnival of flower-tossing—we think it high time somebody hurled a nosegay at "Doc" Staniford. For a good many years Doc has been running drug stores, and doing a good job of it. He and his good wife have seen stormy days and merry ones—days when the cash register clinked frequently; days when everything was going out and nothing coming in. But mark you this: never has Doc refused to fill a prescription on credit, *even though he knew he'd never be paid*. "A sick person has to have medicine; that's all there is to it," says Doc. "And as long as I'm in business and have the materials, I'm going to keep on filling 'em—pay or *no* pay." We should be proud of him.

GETTING away from this flower business for a while, let's have a contrast. We have in mind two filthy rooms in New Monterey. A woman about to become a mother for the tenth time—nine children, only one of them of bread-winning age—no food, no soap, no furniture save a woodless stove and two sets of rusty bedsprings balanced atop some empty boxes. Abandoned by the husband and father, too ignorant to hunt up the Salvation Army or Red Cross, these wretched humans had not eaten meat for more than two months. Vainly had the 16-year-old daughter tried for work in the canneries. It was the dull season. Crusts of bread, scraps retrieved from garbage pails, had kept the breath of life in these ten through the miserable weeks. Well—enough of that. They were provisioned, given a tent, and sent to the fruit picking country where all could have a little work.

NEXT afternoon we were aboard a battleship in Monterey bay. We inspected the guns, the galley, and other items, then asked in all ignorance: "Does the admiral have his food prepared in this galley?" "Not at all," we were told. "He has his private galley, his personal chef." We prowled around and found it, talked with the fat man presiding at the range. "Is the admiral dining aboard today?" we asked. "Yes." "What is he having?" "Eastern oysters, filet of sole, asparagus tips, potatoes parisienne, breast of guinea fowl, Camembert with Bent's water crackers—and the demi-tasse."

A RIFLE-SHOT distant lay the rooms of those who had so nearly starved. A contrast? We'll say so. And moreover, such things should not be.

M. J. MURPHY, INC.

See Us For:

ROCK FOR GARDEN

FERTILIZER

BLACK SOIL

In fact, we carry a complete stock of Garden Supplies.

Don't forget we have all kinds of Wood and Fuel.

Ramon He Make Beer

Mister Editor:

To Cottage newspaper which weekly I have read in the newspaper you print the poem which is write by Anthony Bellosillo. I, Ajax Stomago do too write poetry with leisure after too much study by mail lessons. I to am once Carmel Filipino boy when I live there with twenty-five of my countrymen in three-room house. This poem I send to you is so much excellent. You print if you please to be pleased. Thank you if you please. —AJAX STOMAGO.

RA-MON HE MAKE BEER

My friend Ramon he good friend
We want make beer
I give half money to Ramon
He buy yeast with malt and much raisin
He to buy sugar which come from corn
I get big jar from Pedro.
Ramon stir all things up
He say we put in bottle in maybe week.
We wait three day then drink up
It too long to wait week
I get drunk guess have fun
I go home find big snake on bed
I quick go outside get rope
I tie him up to put in bathtub
I think I lucky to have him
When I wake up in morning he gone
I have bad ache in head.

Mary Ingels
Piano
LESSONS BY ARRANGEMENT
ADDRESS BOX 1718

WHITNEY'S
Breakfast
Lunch
Dinner

MAKE MOTORING SAFE WITH
Firestone
tires

Firestone High Speed

SIZE—	4 PLY (6 Ply Under Tread)	6 PLY (8 Ply Under Tread)
4.50 - 20	$7.85	—
4.50 - 21	8.15	$10.25
4.75 - 19	8.65	10.60
5.00 - 19	9.25	11.70
5.00 - 20	9.60	—
5.25 - 18	10.30	12.90
5.50 - 17	11.30	13.45
5.50 - 18	11.65	14.00
5.50 - 19	11.85	14.45
6.00 - 18	13.10	15.55
6.00 - 19	13.45	16.05

We deliver and mount new tires free of charge anywhere on the Peninsula.

Other sizes proportionately low.

Firestone Sentinel

SIZE—	4 PLY (6 Ply Under Tread)	6 PLY (8 Ply Under Tread)
4.50 - 21	$5.13	$7.36
4.75 - 19	6.23	7.88
5.00 - 19	6.67	8.55
5.00 - 20	6.90	8.81
5.25 - 18	7.52	9.53
5.25 - 21	8.19	10.35
5.50 - 18	8.34	—
5.50 - 19	8.70	—
6.00 - 19	—	11.28
6.00 - 19	—	11.59

San Carlos and Sixth Carmel

A. C. GRIMSHAW

ASSOCIATED SERVICE STATION

Phone Carmel 328

The Loss of A Nickel

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

By Wm. Dave Cooke

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in early April.

The three of them were sitting in the front window of a store on the main drag of the small country town in the far west, if you don't happen to live in China; the far east if you do.

"Why don't you marry the girl, Jack?" asked Tom, the village wit, or perhaps we should prefix the word with half, as he lolled back on the arm of the comfortable chair which would be sold to the first person who offered 50c more than it had cost.

"Marry hell," returned Jack, owner of the Village furniture store, "I'll be lucky if I have enough for the landlord when he comes around Monday morning after the rent. I can't marry the gal, when I can't even support her. Anyway, while you're on the subject, why don't you marry Helen?"

"Nuts," said Helen, the third member of the party, "He's worse off than you are, Jack, "why he can't even pay his liquor bills around town. And I certainly don't intend to support him, even if I could. I have worries enough now trying to support myself."

"Baby, you don't know the half of it," from Tom, "why for the six weeks I've been trying to get hold of a nickel to buy a lead pencil and a three-cent stamp so I could write my old man for some dough and so far I haven't even been able to promote a piece of paper to write on in case I should get the pencil and stamp."

"You two mugs don't know what troubles are," said Helen. "Why I'll be lucky if I eat over the week-end."

Tom looked gloomily down at her and pursed his lips into something that was probably meant to resemble a pout. "Ah, you'll probably be eating at all the swell restaurants with some mug. You don't have to do much worrying as long as you're in your charms, darling."

"Boy, what I'd give for fifty dollars," said Jack.

"Say, I'd sell my virtue for half the price," answered Helen.

"What's left of it, you mean, darling."

"Why don't you people talk about fifty cents so I can understand?" Tom said, as Helen missed Jack's face by a quarter of an inch.

The three of them grew silent as they gazed out the window. An old lady crossing the street paused momentarily at the small parkway which enhanced the beauty of the village by decorating the center of its main drag.

Tom smiled, "That old gal is still looking for the nickel she dropped there back in 1913.

Helen looked up at him. "Just because you're screwy you don't need to force your idea of humor on the rest of us."

Tom paid not the slightest attention to her. "She claimed to have dropped it in the dirt of the parkway there, but there were three women on this side of the street and a man on the other side and they all said that they heard it hit the pavement." Helen gave him a withering look. The old lady continued across the street and went on about her business. Silence again fell upon the three, as they continued to gaze out the window.

A man crossed the street; paused curiously in the parkway and kicked something with his foot. As he stooped down and retrieved a small round piece of metal, Tom rose from the arm of the chair.

"I'll swear that looked like a nickel." He headed for the door.

"Maybe the old gal did lose a nickel after all," said Jack as he and Helen followed Tom out the door.

"What was that you just picked up?" asked Tom, as he walked up to the man, whose disreputable clothes bore evidence of much wear.

The man extended his hand in which reposed a much discolored nickel. "To some folks it's just a nickel, but to me it's a small fortune."

"Yeah, I guess it will buy a cup of coffee at least," said Tom with a trace of pity for the poor unfortunate in his voice.

"It'll buy more than that," said the man, "That's a 1913 Liberty head."

"So it is," said Tom, as he inspected the coin in the dirty extened hand more closely, "but what of it?"

"Nothing much," said the man as he turned on his heel, "except that any coin collector will gladly pay at least $50 for it."

The Little Shop
in the
The Little House
One Block North of Library
Gifts For Every Occasion

Philip Wilson, Jr.
Licensed Real Estate Broker

Properties
Carmel Valley

Office on N. W. Corner of
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Box 48
Or Phone Carmel 37 or 639

PLATE
WINDOW
AUTOMOBILE
GLASS
MIRRORS
THOS. H. FRENCH
MONTEREY

CURTIS CANDY STORE

Breakfast
Luncheon
-Dinner

Just What Would You Do, if a Fire Broke Out in Your Home at 2 a. m.

A fire at any time is horrible experience, but to be aroused in the dead of the night by the cry of fire and the crackle of flames—is terrifying.

More than a thousand homes are completely destroyed and 41 precious lives snuffed out by fire each day in our country.

Fire recognizes no one—plays no favorites—has no respect for age, sex, time or circumstances, and does not acknowledge depression.

Taking its toll of lives and sweeping away millions of dollars daily—like some relentless foe—it strikes when least expected.

Let us show you where your fire dangers are, how you can eliminate any unnecessary ones and how to protect against the others.

Telephone Carmel 46 TO-DAY for This Service

ROBERT G. LEIDIG, Manager

International Fire Prevention Service

"Social Credit and Fascism" Lecture

Dr. Thomas Addis, of the New Economics Group, of San Francisco, will deliver a lecture on "Social Credit and Fascism" at the Greene Studio, Lincoln at 14th, Saturday, April 14th, at 8:00 p. m. There is no charge and all are welcome.

Dr. Addis will be remembered for his talk on social credit in Carmel some time ago. He wants to open a general discussion on fascism and its relation to monetary reform.

A subject of such importance and a speaker of the standing of Dr. Addis should assure a good attendance.

Irish Tenor At Gallery Tonight

Charles O'Connor, Irish tenor, will be presented in an evening of Irish folk songs at the Denny-Watrous Gallery tonight at 8:30. Mr. O'Connor plays his own accompaniment on a small harp.

Howard D. Peters

CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR MONTEREY CO.

Howard D. Peters, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, of Salinas, California, announces his candidacy for County Surveyor for Monterey County. He has been a resident of Monterey County, and Salinas for 18 years. Born in Spokane, Washington, he is 41 years of age.

He attended the public schools in the Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, and later in Chicago, Illinois, where his father is a newspaper man in the employ of the Hearst Newspapers.

As a young man he worked at railroad surveying in Utah and Colorado, and in the iron ore fields of northern Minnesota. Following this he attended the U. S. Army Engineer School, in the Corps of Engineers, Honolulu, T. H., where he studied surveying and engineering under the instruction of Army engineer officers, and upon the completion of this was assigned to active duty on surveying an engineering work, on the islands of Oahu and Hawaii in connection with the government development of roads, water supply, surveys and the Pearl Harbor Drydock. Returning to the States, he was engaged for a time in irrigation work in the rice district of the Sacramento Valley. Following this he was in the employ of Spreckels Sugar Company, as surveyor and engineer for about three years, and following that was associated with Lou G. Hare, former County Surveyor of Monterey County, for two years. At the death of Mr. Hare he opened his own office in Salinas, where he has engaged in the general practice of surveying and engineering for about 13 years. He is a registered civil engineer and a licensed land surveyor under the laws of the States of California.

This is the first time the office of County Surveyor has been contested in Monterey County for 20 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin and their two sons returned to Carmel this week after spending almost two years in Europe.

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Editor, The Carmel Cottager

I have just had the privilege (or should I say misfortune) of reading your first three issues. To my mind the entire paper is terrible. The editorial comment is all wrong. The personals are never correct; and even the ads are all wet. The only enjoyable part in the paper is the Filipino poetry in the last issue. I must however, admit that the theatre reviews are a good guide, because you can always take the opposite viewpoint and be right. Please enter my subscription for one year for which I enclose the necessary $2.00 (what a waste of money)

A DISSATISFIED READER.

P. S.—Send the paper to Robert Heldmyer, Los Gatos, Calif.

Editor The Carmel Cottager:

I want to compliment you on some features of your new paper and to criticize others adversely.

In general you have a readable paper, with interesting comment on news, theatres, music, etc., but I can only condemn the stand you take on the Council Candidates. To my mind you have picked out the least worthy for the highest praise. I think that there must be some motive back of your choice. As the old saying goes, "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

W. B. DALRYMPLE.

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: Can you picture the Editors of THE COTTAGER in bed with Judge George Wood?*)

A BUNDLE OF BOOKS

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. By JAMES M. CAIN. *Alfred A. Knopf*, $2.

A brutal, hard-boiled story of the love affair of an adventurer of the road with the wife of a Greek filling-station proprietor. Doesn't sound highly exciting, does it? Yet it's a book you will not forget. You who think that Hemingway is the only fellow who can write dialogue in the vernacular—read this. Not a great novel, but a good one.

ADVENTURES IN NAKEDNESS. By JULIAN STRANGE. *Alfred A. Knopf*, $3.

Carmel once had a nudist problem so this book should interest those who remember it. Whatever you think of nudism, it cannot be denied that it is spreading. Some day we may have another colony here.

CAPPY RICKS COMES BACK. By PETER B. KYNE. *H. C. Kinsey & Co.*, $2.

Here is a collection of stories for easy reading. We will all be glad to know that Cappy Ricks has come out of his retirement as "president emeritus of the Blue Star Navigation Company, etc.," and is on the job in his office, upsetting the force, getting his companies into and out of jams in his usual entertaining manner.

OLD MONTEREY. By LAURA BRIDE POWERS. *San Carlos Press*, $2.50.

Mrs. Powers' book contains a great deal more than is indicated by its title—the whole story of early California is here entertainingly told. Beginning with Cabrillo's voyage, in 1542, she tells the story, the epic story of the founding of our state. Vizcaino, Portola, Alvarado, Father Serra, all are included. Emphasized is that part of the history dealing with Monterey. There is much which will be news to most readers—for exampe, the blasting of the myth of the Sherman rose. Mrs. Powers proves conclusively that the rose was planted more than twenty years after Sherman left the Peninsula.

I heartily recommend the book to your attention. —J. O.

Boy Scouts

Troop 39, Boy Scouts of America, organized and chartered April 14th, consisting of 9 boys, of 12-13 years of age.

The troop will appreciate visits of parents of any boys of this age who may be interested in the work of the Boy Scouts. Meetings are on Saturday nights between the hours of 7:30 and 9:00 p. m.

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STAGE and SCREEN

THIS WEEK

CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE
(Stage Productions)

APRIL 13-19—Dark.

CARMEL THEATRE
(Talking Pictures)

APRIL 13.—"Ever Since Eve," and "Day of Reckoning."
APRIL 14.—"From Headquarters" and "The Poor Rich."
APRIL 15-16—Will Rogers in "David Harum."
APRIL 17.—Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory."
APRIL 18-19.—Edward G. Robinson in "Dark Hazard."

"The Good Fairy"

AN APOLOGY TO SEVERAL PEOPLE

The writer's attention has been called to the fact that "The Good Fairy" critique in our issue of April 6th was unfair, in that it credited Mr. Burt with a large share in the work of direction. I learn that Miss Ware did the greater part of the work, that Mrs. Dougherty directed many of the early rehearsals and that Mr. Burt had charge of only *four* rehearsals.

Information upon which I based my statement was obtained from those who should have known—from people close to the Community Players. I regret that this information was incorrect.

I wish to apologize to Miss Ware, to Mrs. Dougherty, to Mr. Burt, to the Community Players—and to anyone else who may feel that he is entitled to an apology. The last paragraph of my review should be amended to read:

"The play was ably directed by Helen Ware. The mark of her direction is on every scene, though she was forced to be absent from many rehearsals. Miss Ware was assisted by Paula Dougherty and Frederic Burt."

I trust that this is "tactful" enough to clear up the matter. I reiterate it was a good play, well acted and ably directed. —J. O.

"The Drunkard" Proves Big Hit

"The Drunkard," presented in the Bali Room at the Hotel Del Monte before an appreciative audience Wednesday and Thursday evening was easily the outstanding dramatic event of the year.

Instead of the usual style theatre seats the audience was seated at tables and drank free beer and ate pretzels after the fashion of the old music halls. Spectators joined in the songs, applauded the hero and hissed the villain. Everyone seemed to think that he got his two dollars' worth of entertainment.

A great deal of credit is due Blackie O'Neal for his splendid direction and acting. Others who deserve much credit for their excellent work are Peggy Converse, Connie Schumann, Joseph Whittaker, Lucien Jones and Lee Tevis.

Following the performance an after show was given, in which the customers joined. Old songs were sung and several clever short skits were presented. Then Ed Fitzpatrick and his band took over the stage and there was dancing until 1:00 o'clock. —E. F.

Pictures At The Carmel Theatre

Tonight we have two mediocre pictures, "Ever Since Eve" (and so, what?) and "Day of Reckoning," an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and his false friend. Very mellow drama.

Saturday brings "From Headquarters," a good murder mystery, with believable detective work. You will enjoy it after the impossible mystery plays you have seen. The other picture on the bill is really funny—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton in a comedy about unexpected guests who don't know that their hosts have lost their money. It's called "The Poor Rich." See it.

Sunday and Monday the attraction is "David Harum," starring Will Rogers. Thirty-five years ago Edward Noyes Westcott wrote his perennial best-seller of that name; thousands have read it (1,200,000 copies have since been sold). If you're one of the million you'll like the picture; if you are fond of Will Rogers you'll like it. Nothing very exciting, but Will gets in a few good hoss-trading scenes. Stepin Fetchit, the langorous negro comedian almost steals the picture.

In "Morning Glory" (Tuesday) Katharine Hepburn is seen. Miss Hepburn is the biggest screen find of the age—so say the movie mags. The picture is good but I can't get steamed up over la Hepburn.

"Dark Hazard" (Wednesday-Thursday) is a wise-cracking story of the dog-tracks, based on the novel of that name by W. R. Burnett (remember his "Little Caesar?") Edwin G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin and Glenda Farrell, not to forget the sleek racing-pooch, Dark Hazard, do their parts to make this worth seeing. —J. O.

Theatre Museum Soon to Open Doors

Edward Kuster is going ahead rapidly with plans for opening the Carmel Museum of the Theatre shortly after June 1. Appropriate quarters are being arranged above the foyer of the Carmel (Golden Bough) Theatre.

Asked how the idea of a museum for Carmel originated Mr. Kuster said:

"The thought first came to me in 1928 while I was living in Munich. That city has one of the most magnificent museums of the theatre in the world. Housed in a fine building, the gift of one of Germany's celebrated actresses, it attracted me. I visited it many times.

"One day I thought: In Carmel our Forest Theatre is now nearly 20 years old. There are theatrical groups almost as old. Perry Newberry, Herbert Heron, John Hilliard and a host of others must have programs, scripts, records and properties—souvenirs of their participation in the dramatic life of the village. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could collect all of these things under one roof, where students of the drama might see them? How invaluable would such a record be!

"Some months later I returned to Carmel. But the cloud of depression was already hovering over us. The idea had to be sidetracked temporarily. However, I did not lose sight of it. Now that conditions are improving I believe the time is ripe to go ahead with it. Already a great many documents and properties have been promised. These, with my own collection, will form a nucleus. But if need the help of everyone who has been connected with the theatre in Carmel if the museum is to be a success.

"Contributions, donations, loans of material and suggestions will be appreciated. Anything lent to the museum will be cased for exhibition and the greatest of care will be exercised to protect it."

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